

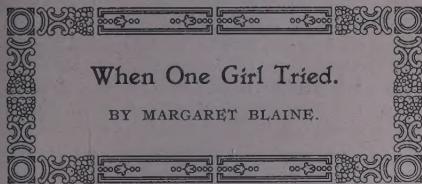
THE BEACON

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME

VOLUME III.

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When One Girl Tried.

BY MARGARET BLAINE.

L OIS always came early to the meeting of the Girls' Lend-a-Hand Society, so she was not surprised to find the cheerful church parlor quite empty when she arrived. She liked to be there in time to talk with some of the others, for the monthly meeting made a pleasant little social occasion for girls who were shy or not well acquainted. Since there was no one to talk with, she took a book from the table, and was soon absorbed in the story. She did not look up until some one entered. It was the minister's wife.

"Lois, you are the faithful one," she said, sitting down beside her. "You see, dear, it is fifteen minutes past the hour, and no one else is here. I'm afraid, Lois, this society is dead. It is a great pity. Our young people ought to be interested in helping others, even those that live in far countries. But there are so many outside interests that this is just crowded out. I believe there is a tennis club meeting at Grace Holcomb's to-day, and that takes many of our girls. I hate to say it, dear, but I'm afraid we'll have to give up. We can't have a society with just one girl, can we? But you and I will keep our understanding hearts and our interest, and perhaps sometime we can do something. Now I must go, for there is a meeting at the parsonage in about half an hour."

Lois sat a moment after Mrs. Carr was gone. She decided to hold a little Lend-a-Hand meeting by herself. What could one girl do? It was a quiet, diffident girl, without any special gifts or any money to spend, who was asking herself the question. Yet she seemed the only one to do anything. Busy Mrs. Carr could not be called upon to resurrect the society. Had Lois but known it, she did have one most potent gift, and that was genuine sympathy and kindly feeling toward others. But she was too modest to know that this made her attractive to young and old.

"I'm the only one here," said Lois to herself, as she arose, "and I just must make this society alive again. I'm dreadfully afraid to, but it has to be done."

She held up her head with a determined air, and marched straight away to Grace Holcomb's house.

The tennis party was over, but several girls still lingered in the court, talking and laughing.

"There's Lois Gray," said Grace. "I should have invited her. But she's such a quiet little thing that you sort of forget her. She's so sweet, though, that she won't be vexed about it. But I must go in and see what she wants."

Lois went straight to the point when her classmate came in.

"It was Lend-a-Hand Society day, and no one came. Mrs. Carr said the society was dead, but, O Grace, we can't let it die, can we? Especially this year, when we are working for the Beacon scholarships for India. I was sure, if you knew of it, you would be the one to make it alive again. The girls always want to do what you say."

"Lois, I'm really sorry I had the tennis party to-day. I didn't think of it being the Lend-a-Hand day. You see, I've got out

of the way of going. But, if it's so near dead why bother with it? You come and join our tennis club instead. Someway church things seem so poky, especially in June!"

"But they're not, if you really know. Let's learn about people who really did things, as Dr. Hale used to tell us to do. There is the story of Dr. Tuckerman among the poor in London, and Dr. Grenfell on the Labrador coast, and our workers in our schools in the South. The life of Livingstone is a great adventure story, and there are hundreds of others. Then Dr. Eliot has made his journey round the world, and is telling us so much about our opportunity in China. You see, I know a woman physician who is giving her life in work among the women in India. She is Mother's friend, and she visited us when she was home for a year's rest. She told such interesting things about the child wives and child widows, and the new opportunities for educating girls as well as boys. Since that the people in foreign lands have seemed different to me—so much more real. Last year the principal of the City College of Calcutta

—the school for which we are getting scholarships, you know—was in this country. Some of our people met him, and can tell us about the work. They educate boys and girls as well as college students. And, Grace, the money from a society like ours, just ten cents a month from each of us, will keep a boy or girl in that school a whole year. It seems, somehow, the right way to lend a hand, doesn't it? You see it isn't a poky thing. It's a matter of life and death to some one. It is interesting when we really know about it. You, Grace, can always make things interesting: you can make the other girls like it." Lois hesitated a bit over what she had to say next, but she decided to go on. "I stopped for Madge Wade to-day, and she didn't want to go because you didn't go any more. So you see it matters so much what you do."

Grace was a busy girl, but she was not hard-hearted. Something in Lois' intense earnestness brought before her the opportunity to do good to some of God's little ones. Then the idea that other girls stayed away because she did was somewhat startling. No one wants to feel that she is a bad example to those who imitate her.

"Why, of course I'll help, Lois. But what can we do?"

"Well, I think the first thing to do is to make it more interesting. We must have something besides reports and the collec-



"Several girls still lingered in the court, talking and laughing."

tion. We must let them really know about people, both the workers and those we want to help. Folks are always interesting. Then, perhaps, they will think it as exciting as—as tennis." Lois' appealing smile disarmed the words of any sting another might have given them.

Grace sat in thought for a moment, then she said: "Why, you've just suggested an opening wedge. The girls are all crazy about tennis. Those that don't play want to learn, and we'll just have a Lend-a-Hand tennis meeting. We'll have it here, and have the meeting first and the tennis after. I think you will find most of the members here. You and I will notify every one. And for each meeting afterward we must think up something different to get them out. We can have one meeting in the grove and have a picnic afterward, and we can go to the beach the next month. Outdoor meetings will be just the thing for summer, and then, when winter comes, we must find some people who know all about the different countries to come and tell us about them. We must learn that those who live in India and China are really live people like ourselves."

"O Grace, I knew you'd think of a way," cried Lois, with admiration shining in her eyes.

"Oh," said Grace, "so I did after some one showed me how."

There was not one absent member when the Lend-a-Hand Society met on the Holcombs' wide veranda a week later. The reports received the usual bored attention of the girls. Then Grace, who was president, arose and said: "Lois, won't you tell the girls why you think the society should be kept up? Just tell them as you did me the other day."

If Lois had been asked beforehand for a speech, her timidity would have made her refuse. But she knew she could tell the girls the things the woman physician had told her about the girls of India. She repeated her little story simply and effectively. When the vote was put whether the society should continue to meet, there was an overwhelming yes.

Now that Grace had put her mind to it, she thought up enough new features to keep the indifferent ones coming until they should learn more of the work. The Lend-a-Hand tennis meetings were a great success.

It was some months later that Lois met Mrs. Carr one day as she walked toward the church.

"Our Lend-a-Hand Society didn't die, Mrs. Carr. Grace kept it alive, and now it is twice as large as it used to be."

"Oh, Grace kept it alive, did she?" said Mrs. Carr, with a little smile.

"Yes," said Lois, "she is such a gifted girl!"

"Well, sometimes I think that the person who just keeps on trying accomplishes as much as the gifted person," said Mrs. Carr.

"Yes," said Lois, politely. But she didn't see just what Mrs. Carr meant.

*For this lovely morning,
All the earth adorning,
Praise and thanks be given
To our God in heaven!*

EMILIE POULSSON.

You and I must not complain if our plans break down, if we have done our part. That probably means that the plans of One who knows more than we do have succeeded.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

By the River.

BY BETH PORTER SHERWOOD.



"IS your uncle going to let you go camping with us next week, Ben?" called Arthur Fenwick, stopping at Mr. Jenkins' gate, as he saw Ben at work near by in the vegetable garden.

"He says he does not know whether or not he can spare me," replied Ben, cutting off the head of an aggressive weed as he spoke, "even if I could manage to get the money to pay my expenses while there. I know very well I can't do that, so

I'm not expecting to go."

"You see uncle does not believe much in boys going camping, and, on account of his being sick so long, money is not very plentiful," explained Ben.

"We're going to have a great time. You'll be sorry you missed it."

"There's no doubt about that," returned Ben, with a half smile.

"Oh, I heard your uncle has sold that span of bay colts," said Arthur, lifting the reins to drive on.

"He has. The man is going to get them to-morrow."

"You'll miss them, won't you?"

"Yes, indeed," agreed Ben heartily. "I certainly shall."

"Well, I must run along. Sorry you're not going with us. Get up, Lucy," and Arthur drove away.

"Yer father home, Bub?" Not having heard any one approach, Ben started up hastily and looked his visitor over with frank disapproval.

"My uncle," he corrected stiffly, moved by a spirit of opposition to the man who had come upon him so stealthily.

"When will he be home?" questioned the man.

"Not before evening," replied Ben, wondering what business that man could have with his uncle.

"That's awkward," returned the man, walking back and forth uneasily and flicking the tender tops of the young carrots with a slender switch. "I've bought that span of colts, and I want to get them right away."

"Oh, are you the man that bought them?" exclaimed Ben, with the air of one upon whom a calamity had fallen. "I thought that the colts were to be left till to-morrow. I'm sure I heard Uncle say so."

"That was the talk at first, but I got my business attended to sooner than I expected, and I want to leave on this evening's train. It will be a loss of just twenty-four hours' time if I can't get away to-night. You can see that for yourself, can't you, youngster?" he finished with an insolent thrusting forward of his chin.

Ben turned away with an unsatisfied air, and looked across to the highway, hoping against hope he might see his uncle returning.

"Come, come," spoke the man, brusquely. "There's no time to waste. Here's a check

for four hundred dollars, and a mighty good price it is for them colts."

As he spoke, he drew a book from his pocket, and, selecting a slip of paper, handed it to Ben. "I had it all ready, so there'd be no delay," he explained, "and now where are my colts?"

"I suppose it must be all right," thought Ben. "I really did not see the man that bought the colts. I just got a glimpse of him as he drove out to the gate, and I thought he was an older and bigger man."

He cast another perplexed look at the highway, and, stepping carefully over the rows of young carrots, turned to go with the man who, to Ben's indignation, tramped down everything before him, and Ben wondered if a man who had no regard for plants would have any more for animals.

He led the way a short distance, and opened the gate into a small enclosure where two beautiful, glossy young horses were daintily nipping the tender grass. They welcomed Ben in the most friendly manner, trotting expectantly up to him, their long silky tails floating out on the breeze, and their great, soft eyes regarding him trustingly.

He patted and caressed them, and, reaching through the fence, pulled a handful of young, growing grain for their enjoyment.

"Aren't they beauties?" he asked proudly, turning to his companion.

"They sure are," he replied, looking at them with what Ben thought was a wolfish expression. Again that sense of distrust swept over Ben, and he wished his uncle had sold the colts to some one else; but he had no right to dispute the man's claim, and it was with a heavy heart that he got the bridles, and, putting them on the colts, laid his face against their glossy necks by way of farewell, and opened the gate for them to go out.

The man took the bridles from Ben, and led the colts away, giving one an ill-natured jerk as he lingered for another dainty morsel from Ben's hand.

With his eyes on the colts, Ben walked slowly to the house to put away the check; but at the door he stood still with a gasp of amazement as he saw that the man, instead of taking the highway leading to the station, went in the opposite direction, and turned into a by-road between his uncle's farm and the one adjoining, which led to the river.

"What does he mean by going down there?" thought Ben, much perplexed. "He must be crazy."

He carried the check into the house, and then went slowly back to his work, puzzling over this peculiar conduct, when a "Hello, there," startled him, and he looked up hastily to see a man with a horse and buggy standing near the gate.

"Say," shouted the man, "tell Mr. Jenkins I won't be able to get around for the colts before to-morrow afternoon."

"Why"—began Ben; but before he could utter another word, the man, with a friendly nod, drove away.

"There," soliloquized Ben, "that's the man I saw talking to Uncle John yesterday."

His cheeks blanched as he realized that he had been duped. There was no doubt that the man who had taken the colts was a thief, and the check was a worthless piece of paper.

"Somehow," reasoned Ben, "he heard of the sale of the colts, and planned to steal them; and Uncle John and Aunt Ella being away gave him his chance."

What was he to do? He could think of no one at the moment to whom he could ap-

peal for help, and a desire to know the fate of the colts was uppermost in his mind. With no definite plan, and almost mechanically, he began to walk toward the river.

Then he realized that, if he would find out anything regarding the man's purpose or the direction in which he was travelling, he must proceed warily.

Accordingly, he kept out of sight behind tree or fence or anything that afforded cover, and by-and-by, as he approached the river, he heard voices, and, creeping forward, he saw two men who were making hurried preparations to embark down the river with their ill-gotten booty.

"They've got Mr. Fenwick's old scow—stolen it, of course," thought Ben, contemptuously, watching one man bring the scow up to the bank, while the other, the one who had made the "purchase," remained in possession of the colts.

"Bring one of 'em along now," called the man with the scow. "It's no use to try 'em both at once," he continued in a sort of repressed shout as his confederate went forward leading both horses. "Like as not they'll be scared, and you can't manage 'em. I've got all I can do to keep the scow steady."

The man, however, persisted and went forward with both; but, as he came to the edge of the water and attempted to lead them aboard, the rocking of the scow caused them to hang back, one more than the other, and as the man, jerking them cruelly, tried to compel them forward, he made a misstep and, to save himself from falling into the water, dropped the bridle of one, which immediately made off snorting and tossing his head in terror.

"There, now, you blockhead. What did I tell you!" demanded the man on the scow. "It's just like your pigheadedness. You'll keep us here till Jenkins gets home or some one happens to come down here. Now hurry up and ketch that colt, and don't abuse it neither."

The man led the colt he held back a few steps and tied him to a tree, and then tried to recapture the other, which pranced and curvetted, getting farther and farther away, till, discouraged and out of breath, the man stopped and shouted to his companion, "Here, tie up that scow and come help me, or this brute will get away altogether."

Accordingly the scow was towed to the shore and the heavy rope at the stern looped loosely around a rock lying well up on the bank, and the man went to the assistance of his companion.

As soon as the men were safely out of the way, Ben, with thumping heart, dropped to his knees, and with catlike caution began to creep toward the anchoring rock. The bushes slapped his face, the sharp twigs and half-hidden stones cut his hands and pierced his stockings, and at times a keener stab almost drew a cry from him; but still he crept on, starting as a stick crackled beneath his hand or a louder rustle of the surrounding bushes made him anxious lest the men were returning.

On and on he went till the rock was reached, the scow pulled slightly forward, and the restraining loop slipped up and off. Then, giving the scow a smart shove out into the current, Ben dropped again to his knees and wriggled behind a big, friendly, wide-spreading willow; for the colt was recaptured and he heard the men coming back.

"Just look," wrathfully shouted the man who had had the colts in charge, "that's a nice way you fastened that scow. There it goes down stream."



FRIENDS

"What!" shouted the other, bounding forward to stop the runaway. "I fastened it good, I tell you."

"Yes, you did," derided the other. "How'd it get away if you fastened it good?"

"Tie that horse and come here if you don't want to lose the scow altogether," came the savage appeal for help a moment later. "I'm holdin' it, but I can't get it back alone."

Hastily the colt was tied near its mate and the man hurried away.

Ben peeped out to see the scow-man nearly waist-deep in the water, holding a long slender pole against the forward end of the scow by means of which he retarded, though he did not entirely check, its progress, as the current bearing on the stern was slowly but surely swinging it around, so that soon it would float clear of the pole.

As Ben wriggled away through the undergrowth, he caught a glimpse of the second man, who had somewhere found a river-driver's peevy, and Ben knew that with its sharp hook to catch and hold the scow it would speedily be recaptured and drawn to the shore, therefore he must make the best use of the minutes at his disposal.

Again he crept and wriggled and twisted through retarding undergrowth until he was close to the colts, when he rose to his feet, his heart in his throat, as they neighed softly in welcome.

Even in his haste he stopped to pat each glossy neck before he began his attempt to untie them. His nervous fingers, sore and bruised from their unwanted contact with the stones and stubble, fumbled awkwardly with the rope. Would the knot never come untied?

Soon he heard the snap of twigs and the rustle and swish of leaves as footsteps approached, and the perspiration broke out upon his forehead as he struggled with the obdurate rope.

One colt was freed, and he felt as if his fingers were paralyzed as he strove to untie the second.

A shout, a volley of oaths, the sound of men running, and, though Ben never raised his eyes, he knew the men were but a few yards away.

There, the last knot had given way!

Feeling as if his feet were of lead and his head a ball of flame, Ben clambered labori-

ously, or so it seemed to him, upon the back of one of the colts, and giving him a light stroke with the end of the rope, sprang away from under the very hands of the men and galloped back toward home and safety.

As soon as he could, Ben eased the colt down to a walk and then turned and looked back. The men had disappeared.

"It's too bad to let those fellows get away," he mused. "I'll tell Mr. Fenwick, and he can phone the sheriff, and maybe they can catch them."

Instead of going home, therefore, Ben rode to Mr. Fenwick's, told his story, and immediately plans were made for the capture of the thieves which eventually proved successful.

Much puzzled, excited, and somewhat apprehensive, owing to the strange rumors afloat, Mr. Jenkins, accompanied by Mr. Downing, the rightful purchaser of the colts, hurried home to find Ben and his charges safe and sound.

"You did well, boy. You did well," cried Mr. Downing, giving Ben an encouraging pat. "I declare," fumbling in his pocket and producing a roll of bank-notes, "I wouldn't have lost those fine young horses for a good deal," he concluded, putting a ten-dollar bill into Ben's astonished hand.

"You use that for anything you want to."

The color surged into Ben's face as, thanking Mr. Downing, he glanced at his uncle, who smiled as he said: "Use that for going camping if you want to, Ben. I'll manage some way to get along without you."

A Wish.

BY ARTHUR W. PEACH.

I WISH the world were just all boys;
We'd make the wrong things right;
We'd make the world a happy place
With love and cheer alight!

Thus wished a lad and told his friend,
Who smiled and said: "Some day,
You'll have your wish: you'll all be here
To drive the wrongs away."

"You'll be just boys grown big and strong—
The kind of boys called men!
Learn now to conquer wrong and ill,
And you will conquer then!"

THE BEACON.

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From the Editor to You.

ATTENTION is called to the change of price of *The Beacon*. Single subscriptions are fifty cents a year. In packages to schools or clubs, forty cents a year for each copy.

The increase in price is due to the permanent enlargement of the paper. Next year half of the numbers, eighteen out of thirty-six, will contain eight pages. The opening number will be ready for distribution the first Sunday in October.

This year, without increasing the price to schools, we have given good measure, "pressed down and running over." There have been six double numbers, making 168 pages in Vol. III. as against 148 in each of the preceding years.

If you are interested in *The Beacon* and want it to grow, will you help increase its subscription-list? Please call attention of older pupils in the school to parts of the paper meant for them. Perhaps you can get your school to take and read more copies next year. You might get individual subscribers. We mean to make the paper better next year than ever before. Will you help us?

Accidents will happen. Sometimes packages of *The Beacon* are mailed from the printing-office without an address. Sometimes the wrappers stick to one or more copies, so that they are injured in opening. If those who receive the papers for our schools will notify us at once, in case the papers do not arrive or if they find them injured, duplicate copies will be mailed. There lies now in this office a package of twelve copies of the Easter number, returned from the post-office because it had no address. What school has been willing to let its little group of twelve members go without the special double number prepared for them for Easter? Was it you?

Bound volumes of *The Beacon* may be secured from this office at seventy-five cents each. Vol. III. will be ready for sale June 20.

One more number of our paper before vacation! You will get it next Sunday, Children's Day,—a double number, full of good things. "The Flower Girl," a story of girl life, and "The Working Partner," a Southern story for boys, will please all our readers, boys and girls alike.

THE BEACON CLUB. A LEAGUE OF BEACON READERS WHO ARE WILLING TO HELP.

[Letters for this department should be addressed to
Editor of *The Beacon*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.]

Beacon Club.

MANY of those who write for the Club ask how to become members. That is just the way,—by writing for this corner, and telling something interesting and helpful to other readers of the paper. To make sure that this is understood, the last three issues of this volume contain special announcements about the Club.

The last two members to have letters in our Club corner before the vacation are welcomed to-day. We are glad to insert the poem which the writer of the first letter sends us.

CHICAGO, ILL.,

5329 KIMBARK AVENUE.

My dear Miss Buck,—I am twelve years old, and a member of the Sunday school of the First Unitarian Society of Chicago. I enjoy *The Beacon* very much and look forward to getting it each Sunday. I am sending you a little poem you may like to print in *The Beacon*. It is by William Ernest Henley. I am going to learn it for a recitation at Sunday school.

Sincerely yours,

ELEANOR SWETT.

This is the poem, which other *Beacon* readers may wish to learn:

JENNY WREN.

Miss Wren is O so wee, so wee!
So light, so light! So neat, so neat!
Her waist is trim as waist can be.
She has the funniest little feet,
The prettiest hands, the sauciest nose,
The blackest eyes, the reddest lips!
She comes, she looks, she laughs, she goes,
With petulant little turns and dips.

Her little self she perks and plumes.
She chirps and twitters, chirps and cheeps,
As though among wet apple-blooms,
With sudden, sidelong, little leaps,
She flits, she flies! Was never seen
A daintier little cutty-queen.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA LXVIII.

I am composed of 9 letters.
My 9, 5, 6, 7, is used in putting down carpets.
My 5, 6, 9, is to do.
My 6, 5, 9, is an animal.
My 3, 5, 1, 7, is not light.
My 4, 5, 1, is a kind of vase.
My 3, 2, 8, 3, is an act.
My whole is a famous Indian orator.

DOUGLAS AYRES, JR.

ENIGMA LXIX.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 11, 2, 10, 17, 4, is used to divide land.
My 8, 6, 1, is a dog's expression of joy.

My 19, 13, 3, is a numeral.

My 17, 6, 20, is a domestic animal.

My 5, 9, 7, 14, is a small stream.

My 5, 18, 15, is a staff.

My 12, 16, is an intransitive verb.

My whole was an American general who fought in the Mexican War.

C. KELTON UPHAM.

ENIGMA LXX.

I am composed of 26 letters.

My 10, 18, 7, 21, 6, 25, is a game.

My 23, 1, 4, 5, 13, 16, is a part of a croquet set.

My 12, 24, 26, 13, is a part of the face.

The last letter in our Club tells how the message of our paper goes into another country, and is enjoyed there:

5224 GREENE ST., GERMANTOWN, PA.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am a little girl nine years old. I would like to join the Beacon Club. I go to the Germantown Sunday school. My father is the minister of the Unitarian church. I send the copies of *The Beacon* to a little Unitarian boy in Tenterden, England. He enjoys them very much, too. I have received a good many letters thanking me for the paper. He sends it to all his friends. He says it goes all over Tenterden.

Yours truly,

ADELAIDE D. HAWES.

Welcome to our Club, girls. You are just in time to be among our First Year members.

Next week no letters will be published. Instead an enlargement of the Club work will be told in the description of a Young Contributors' department, to be opened next year.

A Beacon Club button has been sent to every member of our Club. If any one who has sent a letter for this department or a puzzle for the Recreation Corner has not received the button, please let us know, and it will be mailed to you at once.

My 8, 15, 14, 18, was a general.

My 23, 22, 2, 19, 6, 20, was a man who raised money for the Revolutionary Army.

My 9, 3, 11, 16, 17, 13, is to quiet.

My whole is a common saying.

EDITH LANMAN.

HIDDEN BIBLE NAMES.

In each sentence lies hidden a proper noun found in the Bible.

1. Sarah, a boy is at the door.
2. There are forty reasons why you should not do it.
3. It was wound up in a ball of string.
4. The grounds are too crowded, with a garage and the summer house.
5. Jack is her dog.

The Pilgrim Visitor.

A RIDDLE.

A man exalted in power,
A bird as bright as a flower,
Four points high up in the air,
One word tells them all, I declare.

M. W. B.

HIDDEN TREES.

1. Lucy pressed her dress for the party.
2. Pick up that pin, Everett.
3. James, make them lock the door.
4. "Lemuel may be dismissed," said the teacher.
5. Let me look at the map, Leroy.
6. Maurice darted for shelter when it commenced to rain.
7. Have you ever seen the naval arch?

CHARLES N. YOUNG.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 33.

ENIGMA LXIII.—*Cosmopolitan Magazine*.

ENIGMA LXIV.—*Potato Salad*.

CHARADE.—*Caterpillar*. (*Cat-err-pill-la*.)

A RIDDLE.—*David*.

AN ACROSTIC.—*B E R K E L E Y*

B U C H A N A N

C O L O R A D O

V I R G I N I A

L A B R A D O R

W I N T H R O P

F R A N K L I N

O K L A H O M A